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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest paper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, is the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorials, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household articles. Purchasing many households in the city and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 266, Order Sons of America—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 279, FORTRESS OF AMERIA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Denece, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Oughton, Secretary. Meets 12th and 25th Tuesdays.

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REDWOOD LODGE, No. II, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. H. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney B. Harvey; J. W. Schmitz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

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NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Jack, President; Maria W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

A Great Pilgrimage.

The pilgrimage planned by Washington Commandery for this fall will be one of the first ever given by that body. The plan contemplates leaving Newport by special cars on Thursday, October 6, at three p. m., running direct to Boston. At that city the headquarters will be at the Hotel Brunswick, one of the finest in the country, where a banquet will be served on arrival. That evening a theatre party will be formed for the Colossal Theatre. In the morning an automobile ride will be taken around the city and through the many miles of Environs. At about 11 a. m. the start will be made for Albany by special cars. A short stop will be made at Pittfield and Albany will be reached in the afternoon. Here the headquarters will be at the well-known hotel, the Tivoli, and this ancient Dutch city, with its twenty-five million dollar State House, will be examined. It is more than probable that the Sir Knights at Albany will make things lively for the visitors that night. The next day, October 8, will be spent in a sail down the mighty Hudson, arriving at New York in the early evening. Here the leading hotel of New York, the Hotel Astor, has been selected as headquarters, and here the pilgrims and their ladies will have a chance to enjoy themselves in many ways in the metropolis of America. On the evening of October 8th, the famous steamer Commonwealth, the queen of the sound, will carry the travellers to Newport. This trip will without doubt prove, a most enjoyable occasion for all who participate.

Mr. Robert Mills, superintendent of the Aquidneck Manufacturing Company's soap factory in this city, is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Crippin, the American woman who is supposed to have been murdered in London, England, recently. His wife is a half-sister of the dead woman and has been called into consultation in the investigation. The police are conducting an active search for Dr. Crippin who is supposed to have started to return to the United States.

The work of the districting committee is nearly completed. It is understood that Newport is divided into five districts and that the dividing lines do not vary greatly from the present ward lines.

The proposed new police station seems to have no friends. Jamestown does not want it on Market Square, and no one in Newport wants it in their neighborhood.

The work on the Naval Hospital on the Maitland Place is progressing slowly.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was comparatively brief, routine business being transacted. Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved and ordered paid. A communication was received from the school committee regarding the appointing of the school janitors as special policemen. This was explained by Acting Mayor Shepley, who said that each janitor would have to fill out an application. One such was before the board, that of Henry C. Hunt, janitor of the Calvert School, and he was appointed and confirmed.

There was some talk about the public dump on Grafton street, it being stated that it would be filled in about three weeks. There was also a complaint from a resident of the neighborhood regarding the smoke nuisance from the dump. It was decided that the garbage contractor should be asked to find another dumping place in that section.

Several petitions for new gas lights were received, and after discussing the amount of money available for the purpose, the board decided to grant the petitions for lights on Farewell street, Peckham avenue and Garfield street.

Alderman Leddy was appointed a committee to act with the street commissioner in regard to repairs to the Ann street pier and also in regard to dustbins on Eustis avenue. Several licenses were granted for the sale of gasoline.

Will of J. N. A. Griswold.

Judge Johnson, in the Supreme Court, handed down an opinion Wednesday afternoon in the case of Frederick Frelinghuysen and another, executors, against the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company and a number of other respondents in which he construes the will of John N. A. Griswold, late of Newport. He left a large estate. The will was executed in 1890 and five codicils were appended between that date and March, 1903.

The number of legatees benefited by the terms of the will and named as respondents to the action brought by the complainants in addition to the New York Life Insurance Company are Minnie Griswold Forbes of Morristown, N. J.; Florence Griswold Cross of London, England; Edward Heath Shaw, Anna MacConell of New York city; Mary B. Derby of Newport, Gordon Forbes of Morristown, Howell Forbes and John M. Forbes, minors, also of Morristown, and Dorothy Odo Cross and Robert Odd Cross, all minors of London, England.

Under the terms of the will a legacy of a large amount was to be made over to James Emmett Griswold. The Court holds that since she died before the testator the legacy is in effect to the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company in trust to pay over one-half to Minnie Griswold Forbes and one-half to Florence Griswold Cross, children of the late Mr. Griswold. "The trust is a mere naked one and should be paid directly to them," the Court further adds.

The complainants as executors have been unwilling to settle the estate, owing to the involved nature of the will and the many codicils, without the instruction and direction of the Court.

If the seashore watering places are ever to flourish, this is the time when they should do it. The weather during the month of July in Newport has been delightful, warm enough to enjoy the evenings in the open air, the bathing and boating during the daylight hours, but not hot enough to be oppressive or to cause prostrations. While the people in the cities have been suffering from the worst hot spell in many years in Newport have been enjoying it. Several times this week Newport has been reported as the coolest spot in the State, even during the daylight hours, cooler even than Block Island in the middle of the ocean. And that the people from away do appreciate this fact is shown by the large number of cottages that are open this year and by the unusual demands made on hotels and boarding houses for accommodations. It is just the kind of weather to bring people to the seashore, hot and dry.

Mr. Thomas Horgan of the firm of Fisher & Horgan, died at his home last Saturday after a short illness. He is survived by a widow and several children; also by his mother, Mrs. James Horgan.

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A Slight Train Wreck.

There was somewhat of a train wreck at the Middletown station on the New Haven road last Sunday morning; the train involved being the newspaper special and a freight train which was waiting for it on the Middletown switch. It is supposed that the dense fog was responsible for the wreck, so obscuring the track that signals could not be seen.

The freight was partially overlapping onto the track while waiting for the newspaper special to return from Newport. If a flag was put out it was not seen by the engineer of the special who supposed that he had a clear track until he saw the freight. It was then too late to come to a complete stop and the freight was "sidewiped" by the special. The tender and one freight car were derailed and the track was considerably mussed up.

The passengers on the early morning trains had to transfer around the wreck, but a wrecking train was sent down from Tiverton and before noon the track was cleared and the traffic went on uninterrupted. A train wreck in this vicinity is unusual.

New Trial Ordered.

The Supreme Court of Rhode Island has ordered a new trial in the case of Elizabeth Underwood et al. vs. the Old Colony Street Railway on the ground that one of the jurors was intoxicated during the progress of the trial.

This is the case brought to recover damages for the death of William Bailey who was struck by an electric car on the West Main road in Middletown some months ago. At the trial in the case in the Superior Court, a big verdict was returned for the plaintiff, but this was ordered to be reduced to \$3000 or the verdict would be set aside and a new trial ordered. Now a new trial has been ordered on the ground that a juror was so much intoxicated as to preclude a fair and impartial trial of the case.

In order to settle up the Bush estate the various parcels of land, improved and unimproved, in Newport and Middletown, were sold at auction on Tuesday and Wednesday by Mr. F. W. Greene. There was much property to be sold and it took a good while to complete the transactions. The various pieces of property had been divided up into lots to facilitate the sale, and the speeder plan was also tried. It was generally considered that fair prices were secured and in some cases they were good. Much of the property, that had been rented, was bought in by the occupants, who did not wish to move. The heirs bid in some pieces, the property on Broadway at the foot of Main avenue being bought by them. There were few professional bidders at the sale.

In spite of the fact that Newport has found it unusually warm for the past week or more, the weather has of course been nothing here as compared with what has been encountered in the inland cities. Providence has been suffocating with the heat, day and night. Although it sometimes gets uncomfortably warm in Newport during the middle of the day there is always a cool breeze at night which is denied to the residents of the big cities. There has not been a night this summer when one could not sleep comfortably in Newport.

The committee of the representative council that has the matter of a new police station under consideration is now looking into the matter of possible sites aside from the present location on Market Square. The committee advertised for a tender of suitable sites, and this week held an executive meeting to talk the matter over. It is understood that a number of places have been offered to the committee and there is not likely to be any dearth of places. What the neighbors will say however is another question.

The highway department has been testing a new street sweeper this week which it is said will remove the dirt from the streets with less dust and at a lower cost than the present method of sweeping by hand. An expert operator from the factory has been here conducting the tests.

Thomas S. Bowler has purchased the Almire Babcock property at master's sale, the price bid being \$4,475. The estate comprises something over 5000 square feet and has a frontage of 40 feet on Broadway.

Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt has arrived at "Harbourview" for the season having just returned from an extended trip to Europe. Her mother, Mrs. Frizzell O. French, is expected soon.

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School Committee.

There was a special meeting of the school committee on Monday evening, called for the purpose of considering a number of important matters that had to be decided before the preparations were made for opening the schools in September. The most important matter was the question of closing the Parish school which has been maintained in the lower end of the town for the accommodation of children far from the other schools for many years. This was a matter which involved some legal questions as to the right of the board to close a school that had been long established. In consequence the question had been referred to the State commissioners of public schools and to the city solicitor for an opinion, and both agreed that the board had a right to close the school. Mr. Lull stated that the school had not been more than six pupils in the school since he had been in Newport.

After considerable explanation, it was voted that the Parish school be closed temporarily and that the pupils be transferred to the Carey School. The "temporary" part of the resolution was put in so that if it becomes necessary to re-open the school it can be done without the formality of establishing a new school. No action was taken on what use the old building shall be put to.

Mr. Lull suggested that Miss Fadde, who has taught the Parish school for many years, would make an ideal teacher for the open air school which is to be established in the fall. The Parish school has given her a long experience in teaching an upgraded school which would be of much advantage to the new open air school. It seemed to be the opinion that Miss Fadde could have this new school if she cared for it.

The Deauville Company submitted a communication to the committee regarding the storehouse that it is erecting on Elm street and to which some objection had been raised in committee on account of its proximity to a schoolhouse. The communication stated that the building could be in no way objectionable to the schools, and the owners said that if they had thought of any objection on the part of the school committee they would not have begun the building. They expressed a desire to explain the matter to the board and were invited to come before the committee at its meeting in September.

Slight amendments were made to the report of the committee on teachers as adopted at the last regular meeting. The committee, three ommissions having been made.

A resolution was presented by Mr. Sullivan providing for an increase of ten per cent. in the pay of all teachers receiving \$700 a year or less, and accompanied by a request to the representative council for an increase in appropriate to provide for the raise in salaries. The resolution was discussed and was finally referred to the committee on teachers to report at the next meeting. It was thought that if the matter should be presented to the council previous to the making up of the budget for the year they might be more favorably inclined toward the proposition.

It is expected that a dredge ship will be here ready for use by August 1st. It is announced that the purpose in bringing the dredge to Narragansett Pier and Newport is for experimental purposes simply and not for the purpose of conducting a passenger ferry.

The third annual convention of the National Good Roads Association will be held at Niagara Falls July 28, 29 and 30. Mayor Doyle has received an invitation to be present and address the convention. It will be a notable assemblage made up of prominent men from all parts of the country.

Among the speakers at the Atlantic Deep Waterways Convention to be held in Providence August 31st, will be Congressman Hobson of the Merrimac fame. The Congressman has many friends in this city.

On Thursday the annual visit to the Soldiers' Home at Bristol was made by members of the General Assembly and others. Quite a number were present from this city.

There have been many church excursions to Newport during the past week and all have brought large crowds of visitors.

A soldier named Harry Vigers has been fined \$25 and costs for the larceny of a watch from another soldier. Not having the price he had to go to the State Workhouse to work it out. The theft took place on the Fort Adams launch, and the defendant pleaded guilty to the charge.

The weather outside was pretty rough during the early part of the week, and in consequence there was a heavy sea on the beach. There was quite a strong undertow last Sunday.

Alderman Michael F. Kelly has gone to Portland, Oregon, to attend the annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Sanford will sail for Europe to-day, where Col. Sanford will represent the United States at the International Congress of Navigation at Berlin.

Acting Mayor Shepley is finding his hands full about these days, but he is attending to his manifold duties with his characteristic energy. He has accomplished a revolution in the band concerts on the parks by keeping down the noise by small boys and others while the bands are playing. He is allowing none of the city's interests to suffer while Mayor Boyle is ill.

Troops in Camp.

The week's tour of duty in active service by the national guard of Rhode Island will begin Sunday morning, when the volunteers will arrive at the government post to participate with the regulars in a week of camp life. Contrary to custom there will be no business at Fort Adams, instead of the business of the session being transacted at Fort Greble and posts in that vicinity. All the heavy gun firing will be done at Greble on account of the recent order prohibiting it at Forts Adams and Wetherill. In accordance with requests of residents of Newport and Jamestown, the companies of regulars from Fort Adams have been transferred to the Jamestown fort for the tour of duty.

In the past the sharp attacks on Fort Adams and heavy gun firing at night have formed features of the summer drill but much complaint was made of the racket raised at all hours of the day and night. This year it will be different.

The ships of the North Atlantic fleet will be in Newport on August 15 and will remain here for some time. Preparations are being made to give the officers and men of the fleet a big reception, Acting Mayor Shepley being busy to see what can be done in behalf of the city. It has been a long time since there has been a fleet of big battleships in Newport, and the occasion should be an important one. Undoubtedly there will be many visitors drawn here by the presence of the ships and there are likely to be a number of social functions in honor of the officers. There is some talk of having a street parade by the men of the ships, and if this should come to pass there would be a sight well worth seeing.

Visitors to the Casino during the early part of the week had some unpleasant experiences with cameras men representing New York newspapers. The cameras were brought into play as the people entered the Casino and there were some lively scenes as the pictures were snapped. The policeman on duty did his best to keep the photographers on the move.

Acting Mayor William Shepley does not believe that the fight pictures of the Johnson-Jeffries battle are proper things for the young people of Newport to look upon. He says they will not be exhibited here if he has the deciding voice in the matter. This is in accordance with action that has been taken in other cities of an orderly character.

Steamer Block Island of the New England Navigation Company, plying between New London and Block Island, was brought into Newport

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF
FLYING

...By...
Herbert Quick

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CHAPTER X.

THE RETREAT OF THEODORE.

THE first day Theodore sent orders for the shipment of the engines and began to provide better equipment for the house. He brought as a companion for Miss Suarez an elderly widow, Mrs. Stott, who was addicted to the writing of poems of a lonesome nature, Virginia's opinion of her now uncle's worldly wisdom rose at this provision for elaboration. But she gave him too much credit. He merely thought of Virginia's becoming lonely.

He could not depart until sure that "Miss Virginia" would not feel slighted should he push on.

Craighead's telegrams came in from the east, still Delphic in significance. One reported that New York was practically "surrounded," another that the country would soon be "gridlocked." Theodore was deaf to voices from the outer world. A letter from Harrod, proving that the news of his return had reached the cabin in the dunes, lay on the old escritor one morning. Theodore inserted a paper knife in the envelope, half cut it open and saw Virginia's dress glimmering outside. The half opened letter fell to the desk, and Uncle Theodore leaped out on the veranda.

"Morning, uncle!" said she. "Have you slept well?"

"Fine."

"You don't look it," said she. "Your eyes look dull. You devote too much time to business while your family is asleep, don't you?"

"Uncle" thought of the unopened letter, the unanswered telegrams, the neglected business. Mr. Waddy's memory, the uncompleted aeronet, the sleepless nights, tormented by—not business at all, but business! Decidedly not!

"I slept too soundly," said he.

They spent most of their time out of doors. Theodore ate wolfishly each day and drank great quantities of coffee to show that he was in fine fettle—quite unable to pick up his end of the conversation. It was youth and spring and sweet fellowship, though the items made him sick of Mrs. Stott's talk. He wanted the river and Psyche, knowing that he ought to go and leave her. Every night he vowed to go next morning—and laid plans for another day with her.

Early one morning they started out on a berry picking expedition. The girl fell in a hollow and fell in a heap on the Bermuda grass. Theodore found her with her ankle gripped in her hands and her lips tight to hold back a cry. A hurried question, a cheery reply cut in two with a twinge of pain, and he plucked her up. She threw her arms about his neck to ease the burden. Alas, it made it heavier! The fervor of his embrace did the ankle no good and nearly crushed poor Virginia. The color rose slowly to her brow as he set her down on the veranda and stood over her, breathing hard. She rose on the sound foot and tried the other carefully.

"It isn't bad at all," said she.

Taking off the shoe, she held the little foot in her hand, examining the ankle critically.

"Do you think it's swelling?" she asked.

Theodore tenderly squeezed the shapely ankle and rose to his feet.

"I don't know," said he. "I—Virginia."

He had seized her hand and was looking at her with none of the impersonality of the surgeon or physician. She did not take her hand away. He dropped it and ran—ran toward the river.

Theodore was absent at dinner without apology, and the women were in bed before he stole to his room and lay tossing again. Desperate, he rose and went to the library, lighted a lamp, saw the still sealed letter from Captain Harrod and slashed it open as if it had been the breast of his mortal foe. It ran:

I hear that you are back south. I hope you can come right soon. The engine is here for ten days. The man that lost the flying thing the young lady comes in is back. He is right crazy. Mr. Theodore, from losing his machine. He keeps trying to sit into the shed and yell his roars. They is a lot of letters and telegrams at Palmetto Beach.

Theodore struck himself on the breast and started to his feet determined to flee to his work and from the romantic dangers of his unclehood. Trembling with excitement, he attempted a note to Virginia. Wizner at the cabin, messages at the beach, meant danger and disgrace if he neglected his task longer, infamy if he toyed with temptation. He told Chloe through her door that he had been called away and that she must explain to the ladies. He hastily packed a bag, ran down and unmoored the launch and fled down the river.

* * * * *

Captain Harrod, dignified, barefooted, soft voiced, unkempt, kept his lonely vigil on the white straight edge of beach that lay from Fort Morgan to Perdido bay. Captain Harrod, ignoring landscape and seascape, devoted himself to the study of sand tracks of all sorts—tracks of foxes examining the beach for turtle eggs, months ahead of time; talon marks of opossums and raccoons prowling about for crabs, mice and birds' eggs; hoof marks of wild hogs etc. Traits of men

began to wonder now, whether he was a world's genius or only the crude product of a country college, with nothing to command a second glance except his sinewy earnestness, the pathetic yearning in his eyes and the wonderful softness in his voice.

"Uncle Theodore," suggested Mrs. Stott to Mrs. Stott, "has invited us to visit him. And, do you know, I think we'll go back with the captain if you can overcome your aversion to the water."

"Will the boy be rough?" asked Mrs. Stott as if it mattered that the captain served out the weather.

"Dead calm, ma'am."

"We'll go," said Mrs. Stott.

The ladies hurriedly packed their dunnage and embarked. They were a gay party. Virginia was full of laughter. Her color rose and her eyes dilated as they took the stream early enough to let them through the new canal into the lagoon by daylight.

"Do you see any signs of a storm?" asked Mrs. Stott, noting his upward glance.

"No, ma'am," he returned. "All was just tryin' to make out if Al'd ever seen that craft before aloft than."

The craft alluded to was a great silver Condor, gleaming in the sun.

Virginia studied her absently with her field glasses.

"I think," said Virginia, "that she's the Roc. I'm sure of it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Harrod.

"She's lyin' to," said the captain. "That goes lub litt down."

"Why," asked Virginia wonderingly, "what can she want over there in the woods?"

"She's just about ore' yo' house, ma'am," said Harrod.

Virginia grew pale, and, asking for the glass, scanned the great aerostat with the lowered lift, like a nexus, to the ground.

"Can't you go a little faster?" said she, laying down the binoculars.

"Aftah we clear Week's bay," said the captain.

Once clear of the channel, they stood for the south shore, the engines firing in continuous explosion. Suddenly with a little scream Virginia leaned out to look upward past the awning. In the water, instead of bird or sail or cloud, she had seen, coming up from the depths under their rail, the Roc, under full speed, her great engines purring like tiger cats, her screws shimmering, her giant hull a resplendent bubble of steel. Looking up, Virginia saw her overhead and lowered back into the boat, for peering over the rail and calling like an evil bird was Silberberg.

"Shall Ah answer the bell, miss?" asked the captain.

"No!" whispered Virginia. "Take no notice, I beg of you, captain!"

The Roc swept on like a meteor, leaving the launch behind. Virginia

VIIRGINIA STUDIED HER ABSORBEDLY WITH HER FIELD GLASSES.

asked the captain if he supposed she had been recognized.

"Ah reckon not, miss," said he. "Jist a chance meetin'. Ah reckon. She's come to, right over the inn," said the captain.

Virginia sat under the middle of the awning, quite in a tremble. The boat slowly threaded the shelly entrance to the bayou and passed the wharf of the inn. The people on the quay were craning their necks at the descent of the passengers from the Roc.

"Hurry, captain, hurry!" urged Virginia.

"An calm', ma'am," said he. "Ah'll he to lie to a minute foal that boat. Neva' fear, miss; yo' all right with me!"

"Here you see," said a voice from the wharf, "two soon to be discarded modes of navigation—the boat displacing water and the aerostat floating in the air upheld by gas. The hydroplane must replace the boat; the aeronet, the aerostat. I have made a specialty of this. I know. The value of that cigar shaped craft up there as junk, deducted from her present value, is the measure of Mr. Finley Shayne's loss when our big show opens its ticket wagon. Seest thou?"

Virginia looked attentively at the speaker, started to hear her uncle's name mentioned almost in his presence.

She saw a youngish man of medium height, thin habit of body and long, thick hair, who was gazing, with every appearance of interest, not at the airoship, but at a lady of perhaps twenty-seven years, short, plump, admirably gowned in a sort of reduced half moon, with her jolly little face turned toward the Roc, her brown hair tousled about her face, her prominent little chin carrying the facial angle forward and downward.

"That talk will do with me," said she, "but you've got to show some something besides ornery prong sox or there'll be trouble. He tells me that you and Mr. Carson are the first ever to sell him a gold brick, and he proposes to make an example of you."

You're supposed to be in custody now. Why, here's pain!"

Mr. Waddy came down the wharf, combing his whiskers and mustache out in front of his nose with his fingers. As Harrod's boat glided within arm's length of the wharf the lift descended from the airoship, filling Virginia with terror.

"I don't think I'll get you another posy, Caroline," said the old man, "picking it bits like that."

"I'm trying my fortune," said she, with a little embarrassed laugh.

"umph!" said her father.

The younger man, seemingly recovered from his perplexity, was touching the row of buttons one by one, and as the launch gathered way Virginia heard him say to button after button: "She loves me! She loves me not! She loves me! Hurrah!"

The shout greeted the favorable answer of the oracle. The lady, as it feeling the fingers in her curls, turned and gently slapped the gentleman's ears. The launch shot into the canal and out of sight. The ladies were made solo owners of Carson's cabin, and the men slept with the airoship by night, while by day Captain Harrod stood by to aid Theodore, slipping away to the top of the dunes at times to scan the oiling for the slimy nosed Slickleback. Inexplicably reappearing with her own deck just ashore, her thin, semi-invisible perfospace in air. Having arranged with Reagan for a cessation of the contraband business until the airoship was off the stocks, the captain was worried. He waved the Chautauqua salute one day, whereupon the submarine sounded like a gaillard's roar. The captain's ingenuity was not equal to the task of developing a theory to account for her presence or her alarm. Carson suddenly became possessed of an unremitting energy that commanded Virginia's admiration. As he told her again of his struggles, his experiments, his falling into the garden of Dr. Witherspoon, his meeting with Craighead, the financial consternation of Mr. Waddy and of the puzzling messages he had received she became an enthusiast too.

"I'd like to meet Mr. Craighead," said she. "I'd like to feel sure that he can secure a monopoly of the navigation of the air."

"You might form an opinion of him," said he, "by reading his telegrams."

"Of whom?" inquired Virginia, evidently thinking of something else.

"Craighead," replied Carson. "Here they are. What do you think of them?"

The first was dated Clarendon, W. Va. "Air products incorporated," it read. "Immense sensation in trust incubator and brooder. Why don't I hear from illustrious co-conspirator? Craighead, the Plute."

"Tries to be humorous," said Virginia. "Let's see the next."

The next date was dated. "En route to Cosmopolis from incubator," and was unsigned. "To him who commands the winds, from him who winds the commands, greeting," it ran. "Be of good cheer. The truly is held, the glue is set, the dogs of war strike forward in the leash. But is there any aeronet? Brood end of pipe dream assumes terrifying concreteness. Noble, sir, assure me of thine! Just wire saying you are you and there is an aeronet, collect?"

"Did you answer this?" asked Virginia.

Theodore shook his head.

"It was days and days before I got it."

"Why didn't he send it to the plantation?" asked Virginia.

"I gave him this address," said Theodore. "I—I stayed there too—too long."

"It opened the way for the airoship," said he.

"But think, my dear sir," protested Mr. Craighead, "of the untold millions in the Broom Idea—aerial monopoly. Even if Theodore should be only four clubs and a spade, we still hold the aces, my dear. Mr. Waddy, in putting Shayne and his pirates down and out we and our pirates are making way for the matchless, unsinkable, double acting, universal speed, direct drive, combination, orthochromatic Carson aeronet. Don't forget our haughty shunron co-conspirator who will wing his way to Illinois by the time we return. Don't fall down and forget that."

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JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a care for the interest of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size

and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Cherry Balsam best for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, etc., sec. 50c.

New England Navigation Co.

FOR NEW YORK—

ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE, Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days at 6:15 P. M.; Sundays 10:10 P. M. Steamer COMONWEALTH and PRISCA. Orchestra on each.

For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

WICKFORD LINE...

WATER and RAIL ROUTE

Steamer GENERAL

from Long Wharf.

Week days only A.M. P.M. P.M.
Newport (Str.) I.v. 9:50 1:05 7:00
Wickford June, Jr. 11:15 2:15 8:30
Wickford Jun. I.v. 11:40 2:05 8:00
New London, Ar. 12:45 3:45 10:30
New Haven, Ar. 1:00 4:50 11:55
New York, Ar. 3:50 7:00 8:15
P.M. P.M. A.M.

Arrives Harlem River Station.

For Block Island, Stonington and Providence.

ALL WATER ROUTE

STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM

"NEAT SERVICE AND CARE"

Week days leave Long Wharf, Newport, 10:55 a. m. Due Block Island 12:30 p. m. in. Stonington 2:40 p. m. returning leaves Stonington 2:50 p. m. Block Island 4:10 p. m. Due Newport 6:35 p. m. Providence 8:30 p. m. Sunday leaves Newport 11:40 a. m. Due Block Island 1:40 p. m. Returning leaves Block Island 8:30 p. m. Due Newport 8:15 p. m. Providence 7:15 p. m. No service to Stonington on SUNDAYS.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor cars, etc., apply at City ticket office, 272 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Peet's office on steamers.

C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.

F. O. Colby, A. G. P. A., New York,

1-S

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middleboro, Portsmouth and Marion, week days 6:50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10:20 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

Sundays 7:00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10:30 p. m. then 11:15 p. m.

Returning, leaves City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6:50 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11:20 p. m.

Sundays 6:00 a. m. the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 18, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6:00, 6:15, 6:30 a. m. and 10:30, 10:45 and 11:00 p. m. Sundays 6:30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6:22 and 6:37 a. m. and 10:52, 11:07 and 11:22 p. m. Sundays 6:37, 11:07 and 11:22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6:30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10:30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6:30, 6:45 and 7:15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11:30 p. m. Sundays 7:15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11:30 p. m. Sundays 6:45 a. m. then same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7:00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10:45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6:30, 6:45 and 7:15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11:30 p. m. Sundays 7:15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11:30 p. m. Sundays 6:45 a. m. then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6:22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11:22 p. m. Sundays 6:22 a. m. and then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. SEIBER,

General Superintendent.

C. L. BISHOP,

Division Superintendent.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 1, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Tantum and Boston week days, 6:45, 8:00, 9:30, 11:30 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15 p. m. Sundays 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:30 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15 p. m.

Middleboro and Portsmouth—6:45, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15 p. m.

Tiverton—6:57, 8:20, 1:02, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 2:02, 3:15, 4:15 p. m.

Middleboro—6:45, 8:20, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 2:02, 3:15, 4:15 p. m.

Providence—11:02 a. m., 1:02, 2:02 p. m.

New Bedford—6:45, 8:20, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 2:02 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6:45, 8:20, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 2:02, 3:15, 4:15 p. m.

R. R. POLLOCK, A. H. SMITH,

Gen'l Sales Agt.

WATER

ALL PERSONS, deafens or having water introduced into their residence or business, should make application at the office, Marlboro Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

W. M. E. FLEMING, Gen'l Sales Agt.

VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Mr. Waddy was the first of a series

which reduced Mr. Craighead to torpor.

The old gentleman, in his long frock

coat which buttoned to a snout, his

frowzy face and his evident attachment

to Mr. Craighead, was remembered

in certain ultra bohemian circles

for his surreptitious slinking into the

dunkest corners of cafes and root gardens.

He had a dark secret, Mr. Craighead

said, which he did not explain,

originated in Mr. Waddy's agreement

with the lady in goggles that the whole

situation was improper. He felt obliged

to keep with Craighead because of

a suspicion that the aeronet was a

agent of two Slattery Institute im-

aginations, and he did not purpose to

let any guilty man escape. So he

providently engaged a detective to

shadow both himself and Mr. Craig-

head, the unmitting presence of whom

in very plain clothes made Mr.

Waddy feel and look guilty and fugi-

tive.

His second reason for becoming Mr.

Craighead's double was his sense of

duty of preventing that pupil of Dr.

Witherspoon from breaking the vow

of chastity. So he drank most of

the intoxicants served to Craighead,

somewhat to the injury of his health,

but much to the betterment of his reputa-

tion as a soldier. Altogether it was,

relief to get Craighead back home,

where he installed him as a lodger and boarder, charging him well

for his accommodation and lending him

the money on his note to pay for it.

On arrival he went to bed and turned Craighead over to Mrs. Graybill,

with strict injunctions to telephone the sheriff's office if he was un-

accounted for more than an hour.

It was a situation with some unique

aspects. Mr. Craighead began whiling

away time with a work on the "Morphology of the Crawfish" and dips into De Quincey's "Spanish Nun." Looking

from the library window, he saw

Mrs. Graybill enter a summer house

leaving a red hat on the railing out-

side.

The "Morphology" grew uninterest-

ing. Craighead stepped from the window,

went into the summer house and started at finding Mrs. Graybill there, her hair tousled about her head, her little nose elevated in that comical resem-

blance to her father's. "Mr. Waddy informs me that the late Mr. Graybill was a minister of the gospel," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied, "he was."

"And that he has been called," Craig-

head went on, "to a better life a year

or more?"

"Fourteen months," answered Mrs.

Graybill.

"I have been reading," said Craig-

head, "a work on the 'Morphology of the Crawfish.' It holds me enthralled

The person who fails to glean wisdom

from the crawfish has never tested his

intelligence with a bare toe or studied

his morphology."

Mrs. Graybill looked at Craighead sternly.

"Don't pose!" said she. "Don't think

that I want a beautiful lesson in every

thing. If I have been a minister's wife

Tell me of Mr. De Land and—Sa

die Brown and the chop suey and—

and that life. Tell me, Mr. Craighead!"

The point here is that there was no

danger to Craighead's running off while she listened with such breath-

less interest to his adventures. He ex-

plained his natural transition from the

study of artistic anatomy to surgery

and then through medical jurispru-

dence to law, and over all gloomed the

shadow of his wonderful, yet poetic

his epic dissipations. Mrs. Graybill was shocked, but she asked for all the

horrible tale that he might so relieve

it that nothing would ever, ever induce him to drink again.

"Only one thing would ever do that,"

she said, "or maybe two. The pangs of despised love!"

"Which you have never experienced?" she asked.

"Never," said he, "as I am now likely to!"

And the other shock that might

overturn your self control?"

"The failure of Carson," replied Craighead. "That would put me down and out—down and out!"

The relations of Craighead

Established by Franklin 1810.

Patron of Tax Dodgers.

Newport continues shamefully to hug to herself her foul reputation of being the foremost American patron of tax dodgers.

Her tax lists this year show a total personally assessment of only \$12,349,000, which is less than the amount for which probably several of her nominal residents ought to be assessed individually.

This absurd assessment, which is smaller than that of last year and practically the same that has been carried on the books without change for several years past, means, of course, that Newport is making no attempt to assess personal property at its value but is deliberately underassessing it in order to invite the coming throng of wealthy tax dodgers from New York, Boston and Providence.

If that were the whole story, Newport might be left in contempt to her own disgrace, in the evil consequences of her unenlightened self-satisfaction. But there is also to be considered the fact that by thus undertaxing her despicable protege she is depriving the State of revenue which it ought to have and which it greatly needs and is placing upon the other cities and towns of Rhode Island a heavier burden of taxation than they would otherwise have to bear.

As Newport thus shows that she cares nothing for the financial interests of the State, and will not play fair with her sister municipalities, why in framing new tax laws should the conclusions be made to her that were offered her in the last session of the General Assembly?

Why just special session of next month should not the honest and self-respecting cities and towns of the State unite against this unblushing out-law and pass tax laws that will compel Newport to end her open patronage of tax dodgers?—Providence Tribune.

For pure, bold, down, unadulterated falsehood and gall, the above article surpasses anything we have heretofore seen in this utterly irresponsible so-called newspaper. Newport pays a State tax far beyond her just proportion. With a population of twenty-seven thousand and without a single great manufacturing or other large corporation within her boundaries, Newport pays a tax on over fifty millions of valuation, while Providence with almost ten times Newport's population, with a large number of the largest corporations in the country, pays a tax on only two hundred and forty millions, only about four times as much as Newport.

Pawtucket with fifty one thousand population, almost double Newport, pays a tax on only forty-five millions, and Woonsocket with thirty-eight thousand people pays a tax on only twenty millions of dollars. Her population is one half larger and her valuation only about one third of Newport. Is this just? Warwick has almost the same population as Newport while its assessed valuation is only twenty-two millions.

Newport pays by far the largest State tax of any town or city in the State with the exception of Providence, and in proportion to population it pays about six times as much as Providence.

The destruction of the gypsy moth has already cost the city thousands of dollars. The new danger means the expenditure of additional thousands, as the moths have made their presence felt throughout the day.

The Brown Tail Moth.

The brown tail moth, the most destructive pest in many parts of Massachusetts, suddenly this week these pests invaded Boston in droves. The Herald's account of the invasion of that city on Tuesday last reads as follows:

"The rusto guard of the brown-tail moth struck the city last night, and the north side of the buildings in the vicinity of the Common were literally plastered with the pests. The Tower looked as though the walls on the north side, as well as those on the Boylston street side, had been whitewashed, so thickly were they covered with the clinging insects with their snowy wings."

All the trees in the Common were heavily laden, while myriads clustered about every electric arc light on the street corners. The day, almost imperceptible bats, which were constantly dropping, caused the lich and attendant rats that prowl about the Boggs Island a heavier burden of taxation than they would otherwise have to bear.

As Newport thus shows that she cares nothing for the financial interests of the State, and will not play fair with her sister municipalities, why in framing new tax laws should the conclusions be made to her that were offered her in the last session of the General Assembly?

Why just special session of next month should not the honest and self-respecting cities and towns of the State unite against this unblushing out-law and pass tax laws that will compel Newport to end her open patronage of tax dodgers?—Providence Tribune.

These same pests have found a lodgement on the upper end of our Island and the belief is general in that section that they came by electric car. Mr. L. Lincoln Sherman of the State Board of Agriculture is doing his best to prevent them from spreading and hopes to be able to exterminate them. They are not only destructive to the trees and foliage but they are poisonous to people. Some people on the Island have been severely poisoned by them. The only place on the Island where they have thus far appeared in any numbers is in Richard Simon's place near Mill Water Brook and the place opposite owned by Mr. D. B. Almy.

These destructive and poisonous insects on their migrations reached the city of Brockton on Wednesday. The report says:

"Driven on, if before a storm, the moths invaded every section of the city Wednesday night, and the next morning were so plentiful that the fronts of stores and the telephone, telegraph and electric light poles were almost as white as a morning following a snow storm.

The moths swarmed around the electric and gas lights, thousands dropping on the heads of persons passing by. A number of cases of poisoning have been reported and physicians have been kept busy administering lotions.

The extermination of the gypsy moth, has already cost the city thousands of dollars. The new danger means the expenditure of additional thousands, as the moths have made their presence felt throughout the day.

A New Disease.

The disease known as Pellegra has claimed its first victim in Rhode Island. One Thomas Riley, an inmate of the State Alms House at Cranston died with it on Tuesday. This dreaded disease has been prevalent in the South for some time, and is also known in foreign countries but this is the first recorded case of it in this section of the country.

Recent dispatches from Italy indicate that Dr. Saubon, the British expert at work there with the Pellegra Commission, has found the solution of the baffling problem of pellegra. He announces that a small sand fly is the carrier of the infection and that the isolation of a protozoal parasite is the probable active cause of the disease. He absolutely upsets the theory of spoiled corn as the source, which theory already had been much discredited by the United States Army officials who were sent to investigate the cases of pellegra in the Peoria (Ill.) State Hospital last year.

Airship Victims.

Thirteen victims this year already is the result of trying to fly. The record this month is as follows:

July 3—Charles Wachter, killed at Rethus, in Antoinette monoplane.

July 12—Pfizer, Lieut. Alexander L., ex-officer in Hungarian artillery, drowned in Marblehead Harbor; believed to have been despondent over mishap during trials at Plum Island.

July 12—Hou. C. E. Rolls killed at Bournemouth, England.

July 13—Erbloch, Oscar, German aeronaut and inventor, killed with four companions when his dirigible balloon collapsed at Leeburg, Rhineish Prussia.

Guion Roy C. Hull, U. S. N., retired, is dead in Colorado as the result of disease incurred during his service at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. He was the man that had charge of the dynamiting of the buildings there to stop the fire that followed the earthquake and he did valiant service. He was stationed at Newport at the time of the Larchmont disaster and started out to aid the survivors but his little vessel was forced back to harbor.

A runaway couple in Illinois hired an "elderly appearing man" to swear that the school girl was his daughter and that he gave his consent. Here is a new line of industry opening to anybody willing to take it.

In fact, Superintendent Barnes is the man to whom credit is due for the success of the hatchery rather than Professor Mead. His nine years' faithful work is deserving of highest praise.

Tuberculosis Fight.

A County Organization to fight tuberculosis covering every town in Newport County in view of the recent developments of the combined activity of the Rhode Island Anti-Tuberculosis Association and the Newport Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Wallace Hatch, Secretary of the Rhode Island Anti-Tuberculosis Association during the month of July, is making State headquarters at Newport. Mr. Hatch expects to aid in making successful the State Health Department Tuberculosis Exhibit which will be shown in Newport from July 25th to 30th inclusive. He hopes also with help of the local Anti-Tuberculosis Secretary, Miss Earle E. Coates, not only to perfect the plan of equity work, but to organize committees in each of the five towns. Aid will be given in making local work for the care of individual cases in each of these towns conform as closely as possible to the uniform methods that are being developed for the benefit of local associations in all parts of the State.

The mill investigation of the State Association is developing satisfactorily. Mr. Hatch states that he expects to lay the material which he has collected before farmers and dairymen, for the purpose of receiving suggestions from them, within a comparatively short time.

The Income Tax.

The poll so far stands eight States for and eight States against the income tax amendment in its present form. As it will take but five more States to oppose to defeat the amendment, and twenty-eight to secure its ratification and its embodiment in the Constitution, the chances against it are at least five to one.

Of the eight States recorded in favor of the amendment, all but one are Southern, the exception being Illinois, and it is probable that in time most of the other Southern States will fall in line. The opposition has centred rather on the construction of the amendment so ably analyzed by Gov. Hughes, says the N. Y. Times, than upon the merits of the proposition as it was undoubtedly intended by its author. It looks now as if the measure would have to be carefully revised and the doubts as to its effect removed before it can become a part of the Constitution. Even then the feeling that the taxing of incomes should be retained as a resource for the several States may prevail against it.

First in the Field.

The Socialist party, not the Socialist Labor party, their convention will coincide next, held a State Convention in Providence on Sunday and put forth a full fledged ticket for State officers this fall as follows: For governor, Edward Theinet of Valley Falls; for Lieutenant governor, Samuel Fassell of Providence; for secretary of state, Israel Precourt of East Providence; for attorney general, Frank Keenan of Pawtucket; for state treasurer, Peter Markus of Providence. The party officers nominated were: For state secretary and treasurer, Fred Hurst; for national committeeman, Eugene DiGiulio of Woonsocket.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Copyrighted 1910 by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., July 14.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 16 to 20, warm wave 16 to 19, cool wave 18 to 22. This disturbance will be particularly a western storm and will not amount to much east of Meridian 90. It will include two of the lowest temperature periods of the month and after it has passed the temperatures will again climb to high degrees. Not much rain will accompany it.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 20, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern sections 25. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 24. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 23, great central valleys 25, eastern section 27.

This disturbance will bring higher temperatures and dry weather. Scattered showers will occur between Atlantic coast and the Rockies with heaviest rains at scattered points near Atlantic coast while westward the summer drought will prevail and large sections will suffer for want of rain.

Threatening weather is expected not far from July 18 and showers may occur about that date but they will not last long, not much rain except in small sections. About July 21 the clouds will clear away and the drought become more intense. About July 24 threatening weather and showers will again appear as the storm moves eastward and probabilities will be more favorable to good rains.

The dates I give for these events are timed for Meridian 90 and allowance must be made for the eastward drift of the weather elements; a day or two earlier west and a day or two later east of that line.

Last disturbance of July will reach Pacific coast about 26, cross Pacific slope by close of 27, great central valleys 28 to 30, eastern sections 31. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 26, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 29, great central valleys 29, eastern sections 31.

This disturbance will bring very warm weather generally, very dry in great central valleys and in about one-half of that great country the drought will continue to do damage, particularly to late corn.

As August goes out it will become apparent to many close observers that we must expect 47-cent oats, 75-cent corn and \$1.25 to \$1.50 wheat.

Farmers should refuse to sell till prices reach these figures at Chicago.

A runaway couple in Illinois hired an "elderly appearing man" to swear that the school girl was his daughter and that he gave his consent. Here is a new line of industry opening to anybody willing to take it.

In fact, Superintendent Barnes is the man to whom credit is due for the success of the hatchery rather than Professor Mead. His nine years' faithful work is deserving of highest praise.

MIDDLETOWN.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Edmund Barker of Providence, a native of Middletown, to Miss Neilia Leaf Armistead, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Armistead of Providence, will take place on Tuesday next at the Plainfield First Free Baptist Church, Providence, at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Barker is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Orde P. Barker of Providence, formerly of Middletown, and has many near relatives both here and in Newport. A reception will follow the ceremony at the church rectory. A second son of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Mr. George Barker, was married in Providence in June.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Percival Grinnell, of Wakefield, formerly of Middletown, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on July 9th.

Mrs. Edgar Billings of West Bridgewater, Mass., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clayton E. Delatour, at the Methodist parsonage.

Rev. F. W. Goodman of Holy Cross and St. Mary's parishes is visiting his brother, Rev. Mr. Goodman, at Atlantic City, N. J.

St. Columba's Guild, Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs, president, is preparing to hold its annual lawn party at the Berkeley Parish House on August 17. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel.

The raspberry crop, which is just ripening, is suffering badly from a lack of rain. Many of the berries are drying up and not filling out well.

**WHITE DECLares
HE IS STILL MAYOR****Makes Appointment and Issues
Licenses In Prison Cell**

Lawrence, Mass., July 16.—The mayor's office of this city is at present located in cell 26 of the Lawrence county jail. In this cell Mayor White occupied the first hours of his three-year sentence by signing half a dozen licenses for moving picture shows and reappointing License Commissioner Mitchell.

The 86,000 citizens of this city are in a turmoil of excitement and are awaiting with breathless anxiety the decision of City Solicitor Murphy as to whether Mayor White is to continue to administer the affairs of the city from his cell.

"I am the mayor of Lawrence," declared White. "I emphatically intend to administer the affairs of Lawrence from my cell, and to follow out all my duties as mayor."

It is stated in Lawrence, and in Boston as well, that the attorney general of Massachusetts is to be asked to render a decision.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

JULY 1910

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
11	30	13	2	26	1	18
12	29	14	3	27	2	19
13	31	15	4	28	3	20
14	1	16	5	29	4	21
15	2	17	6	30	5	22
16	3	18	7	1	6	23
17	4	19	8	2	7	24
18	5	20	9	3	8	25
19	6	21	10	4	9	26
20	7	22	11	5	10	27
21	8	23	12	6	11	28
22	9	24	13	7	12	29
23	10	25	14	8	13	30
24	11	26	15	9	14	31
25	12	27	16	10	15	1
26	13	28	17	11	16	2
27	14	29	18	12	17	3
28	15	30	19	13	18	4
29	16	31	20	14	19	5
30	17	1	21	15	20	6
31	18	2	22	16	21	7

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses, furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

BURIED UNDER CEMENT FLOOR

Body of Long Missing Wife of
a Doctor Is Found

HEAD BATTERED WITH CUBS

Effort to Haste Destruction of Re-
mains by Stab Wounds and Quick-
lime—London Police Believe Sup-
posed Murderer Is on Steamer
Bound For New York With a Wom-
an Disguised as a Boy

New York, July 16.—A cable dispatch received at police headquarters from Scotland Yard, London, asks that all incoming steamships be watched for Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, an American, who is charged with the murder of his American wife, Belle Elmore, a music hall actress, Scotland Yard has started a world-wide hunt for Crippen.

Mrs. Crippen disappeared last Fe-
bruary, and her body has just been
found buried under the cement floor
of the house the Crippens occupied
at 39 Hilltop Crescent, Islington, a
suburb of London.

The autopsy shows that Mrs. Crip-
pen's head had been beaten in with a
club. There were many stab wounds
on the body, but apparently they had
been made after death to hasten the
destruction of the body by quick-
lime.

Mrs. Crippen was born in Brooklyn
and had relatives living there. Crip-
pen was born in Coldwater, Mich., 60
years ago, and was graduated from a
medical college in Indiana. They were
married in this city about fifteen years
ago and were well known here and in
Philadelphia.

Crippen was the London agent for
the Munyon Remedy company of Phil-
adelphia, the Dean Drug company and
the Dr. Ent Institution, Paris concern
making a specialty of treating the
deaf.

The Scotland Yard detectives be-
lieve that Crippen is on his way to
New York on a steamer that sailed
from England last Saturday. He
dropped out of sight last Friday night.

There is another woman in the case,
and she is with him.
The woman is described in the Scot-
land Yard dispatches as Ethel C. Le-
neve. She is posing as the wife of
Crippen. She was Crippen's type-
writer in his London office in New Ox-
ford street.

Mrs. Leneve is of French birth, but
was reared in London. She is 27 years
old and very good looking. From
information they have gathered the
Scotland Yard men believe that she is
traveling disguised as a boy.

The assumption is based upon the
fact that Crippen bought a boy's suit
shortly before he disappeared. Crip-
pen himself is small of stature and
slight of build. He has scant sandy
hair, a fresh complexion and at the
time of his disappearance wore a long
mustache, which doubtless has been
cut off since.

A formal charge of murder and mu-
tiation has been made against Crip-
pen by the Scotland Yard authorities.
There will be no difficulty about ex-
traditing him if he is caught.

At the time the murdered woman
married Crippen—she was a prepos-
sessing girl of very fine figure. She
was of Polish descent, and told her
friends that her father was a noble
man who had been driven from his
country.

GOING TO THE COURTS

Moving Picture Syndicate to Fight
Edict of Mayor of Boston

Boston, July 16.—Notice has been
served upon Mayor Fitzgerald by a
representative of the moving picture
syndicate which has control of the
Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures, that
the syndicate intends to fight Mayor
Fitzgerald's edict against the showing
of the fight pictures in this city.

The representative in question has
informed the mayor that his syndi-
cate is determined to show the pic-
tures in this city and also to fight
the matter out to the bitter end in
the courts if they are interfered with.

Mayor Fitzgerald's reply was: "Go
ahead and fight if you want to. You
will find us all prepared to make
things interesting for your company."

Gets Divorce and Heavy Alimony

Albany, July 16.—Alimony of \$5000
a year, the custody of their only
child, Barclay, 6 years old, with a
\$1000 allowance for his support, was
granted along with an interlocutory
decree of divorce to Mrs. Anna C.
McClure from Archibald J. McClure,
the well known society man, in the
supreme court at Kingston.

HUNDRED LIVES LOST

Passenger Steamer Founders In Col-
lision on the Black Sea

Odessa, July 16.—Trapped on a
burning, sinking steamer, 100 men,
women and children perished near
Kherson, on the Black sea, according
to dispatches received here.

After collision with the steamer
Wampoa, the passenger steamer
Lorki, crowded with passengers,
foundered. Her boilers exploded, and
many of the victims were scalded to
death.

Axe Used on Political Foes

Boston, July 15.—Mayor Fitzgerald's political axe was swung in two city departments yesterday and the official heads of five "Starrett-Dob-
vanites" in the last city campaign
were lopped off, while another official
was reduced in rank and salary to
make a place for one of the mayor's
closest political friends.

PERILOUS BALLOON TRIP

Aeronaut Glidden and Two Passengers
Are Caught in Whirlwind

Lowell, Mass., July 16.—Seized in
the grip of a small-sized cyclone, the
balloon Massachusetts, piloted by
Charles M. Glidden and carrying as
passengers Charles A. West and Will-
iam M. Bunting, was dragged by the
whirlwind nearly a quarter of a mile,
in spite of the efforts of Glidden to
anchor it, and landed on the tops of
the trees in a deep forest. All the
men in the basket escaped.

Glidden declared that it was his
worst experience in forty-six ascen-
sions. The accident to the balloon
will probably make it impossible for
any aeronaut to obtain either life or
accident insurance in American com-
panies, for Bunting, who is a director
of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance
company, made the trip in the Massa-
chusetts in order to test for himself
the dangers of aerial travelling before
assenting to any change in the policy
of insurance companies favoring
aviators, and said that on his return
to earth that he believed that the
risks of navigation in the air were so
great that he could not recommend insur-
ing.

MAYOR ATHERTON RESIGNS

Had Been Suspended From Office Fol-
lowing Lynching at Newark

Newark, N. J., July 16.—Mayor
Atherton, against whom charges of
neglect of duty during the riot of Fri-
day night, when Car Etherington was
lynched, had been made, has re-
signed. He was under suspension by
Governor Harmon for thirty days
pending an investigation into his con-
duct as mayor of the city.

Adjutant General Weybrecht's re-
port of the Newark lynching, turned
over to Attorney General Denman, se-
verely arraigned Sheriff Linke, who re-
signed his office.

General Weybrecht said the sheriff
not only evaded executive duty, but
in measure encouraged the mob in
its work. He said sufficient troops to
preclude the possibility of the lynching
would have been furnished if word
had been sent to his department.

Atherton was four times elected
mayor of Newark. John M. Ankele,
vice mayor, is now the head of the
city government.

NEW ENGLAND MILK RATES ARE CHECKED

Interstate Commerce Commis-
sion to Make Investigation

Washington, July 16.—Acting on
the complaint filed by the Boston
Dairy company, D. Whiting & Sons,
H. P. Hood & Sons and other dairy
interests in Massachusetts, the Inter-
state commerce commission ordered a
suspension of the tariff of the Boston
and Maine railroad and other carriers
announcing increased rates on milk
from various New England points to
Boston, pending investigation of the
reasonableness of the rates.

This action also affects the Maine
Central and the St. Johnsbury and
Lake Champlain. The decision fol-
lowed a hearing by the commission.

The petitioners set forth that in
making expenditures for terminals, ice
plants, creameries, etc., they relied
on the continuance of the old carload
rates. These rates, they say, have
resulted in giving the farmers better
prices and the consumers cheaper
milk. It is said that the new rates,
filed June 28, average about 50 per-
cent higher than the old ones.

STARVING IN FILTHY CELL

Pittman Living on Charity When
Found by American Consul

Washington, July 15.—Confined in
a filthy cell six by five feet, unfed
save by charitable strangers, William
Pittman, the American captured by
the Madrid government forces near
Bluefields, was found in an over-
crowded local prison at Managua,
Nicaragua, by Consul Olivares.

The consul, who is stationed at that
point, telephoned the state depart-
ment that he visited Pittman, discov-
ered the revolting conditions, and
through protest forced Dr. Madriz to
furnish the adventurous American
better prison accommodations.

Pittman, whose relatives live at
Cambridge, Mass., told Olivares that
he left Greytown July 4; and that
since then his captors had failed to
provide him with food, leaving him
altogether dependent for subsistence
upon charity. Pittman was starving.

YESUVIUS IS AGAIN BUSY

Eruption Causes Terror Among In-
habitants of Surrounding Country

Naples, July 15.—Yesuvius is again
active and the inhabitants of the sur-
rounding country are in terror. Smoke
and occasional flame issue from the
crater and the ground trembles.

A huge landslide has occurred, ac-
cording to advice received here, in
the slopes of the volcano, near the
spot where a Brazilian millionaire,
Silva Yardi, was lost in 1892. Many
of the inhabitants are fleeing.

Death of Leslie Ward

London, July 15.—Dr. Leslie D.
Ward of Newark, N. J., vice presi-
dent of the Prudential Insurance com-
pany, died here last evening.

Forest Fires in Montana

Missoula, Mont., July 15.—Officers
of the forest service report that thir-
teen forest fires are now raging in
western Montana.

Girl Wades to Death

Calais, Me., July 15.—Wading out
too far into the St. Croix river here
while bathing, Stella Moffatt, aged
13, was drowned.

VERMONT MEN

NAME TICKET

Democra's Nominate Watson

For Standard Bearer

CLERGYMAN IS RUNNING MATE

Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill Condemned
as Unjust and Illogical—General Re-
vision of Tariff Downward Is De-
manded—"Despotism" Known as
Cannonism Should Be Rendered Im-
possible—High License Favored

St. Albans, Vt., July 16.—The
Green Mountain Democracy gathered
in St. Albans to select party candi-
dates for governor and Lieutenant gov-
ernor of Vermont. In addition the
Democratic conventions of the First
and Second congressional districts of
the state were held here during the
day.

The convention was one of the most
harmonious in the history of the
party. The platform says in part:

"We condemn the Payne-Aldrich
tariff bill as unjust and illogical and
desire a general revision of the tar-
iff downward. We particularly com-
mend the Independent Republicans and
Democrats in the present congress for
their attempts to defeat this act."

"We favor an honest trial of re-
iprocity with all the world and partic-
ularly with our neighbor, the Dominion
of Canada."

"We condemn that despotism on the
part of the speaker of the national
house of representatives known as
Cannonism. To prevent this form of
tyranny we favor an amendment to the
United States constitution, if necessary,
which will render this method of overriding the rights of the
citizens absolutely impossible. We
lament the fact that members of the
Vermont delegation in congress were
not found voting with those who have
been successful in ridding the coun-
try for awhile at least of the abuses
known as Cannonism."

"We condemn the present federal
corporation tax law and recommend its
repeal."

"We demand the passage by the next
Vermont legislature of a resolution
ratifying the proposed amendment to the
United States constitution providing
for the levying of an income tax."

On state issues, the principal plank
were one declaring that the present
high license liquor law had resulted
in great good to the state and one de-
manding the passage by the next
legislature of laws reforming the
present methods of taxation so as to
wipe out the so-called double taxation.

Following the presentation of the
resolutions and their adoption by the
convention, the following state ticket
was nominated by acclamation:

Governor, Charles D. Watson, St.

Albans; Lieutenant governor, Rev.

John B. Readon, Springfield; secre-
tary of state, C. L. McMahan, Stowe;

state treasurer, John W. Thurston,

Island Pond; auditor of accounts, F.

F. Platt, Brattleboro; attorney gen-
eral, H. C. Shurtleff, Montpelier.

FOOD SUPPLY IS SHORT

People of Campbellton Are Bravely
Bearing Their Misfortune

Campbellton, N. B., July 15.—Major
Marsereau says that in Camp-
bellton they have provisions sufficient
for only two more days, and asks that
arrangements be made for a further
supply at once.

This telegram has been turned over
to the proper authorities here, and ar-
rangements will be made at the earliest
possible moment to supply the
situation.

There are still hundreds of people
without shelter, but with the arrival
of 500 tents from the military stores
the situation will be changed.

With all their misfortune and des-
olation, the thousands of destitute are
cheerful and not complaining, being
thankful that they are not in worse
plight.

PULLS TRIGGER WITH TOE

Farmer Adopts Novel Method to End
His Life With Shotgun

Williamsburg, Mass., July 15.—The
body of Frank W. Wells, a pros-
perous farmer, was found in a field
half a mile from his home, a shotgun
lying beside the body and a bullet
wound in the breast.

Wells had removed his right shoe
and evidently fired the shot by using
his toe to move the trigger.

No cause, other than a recent ill-
ness, is known for the act. Wells
was 40 years old and leaves a widow,
one daughter and two sons.

DENOUNCES RENO FIGHT

Roosevelt Is Opposed to Exhibition of
Moving Pictures of Event

New York, July 15.—Theodore
Roosevelt has come out against the
prize fight after many years a strong
adherent of boxing. Furthermore, he
declares unequivocally against the ex-
hibition of moving pictures of a fight,
more especially the Johnson-Jeffries
affair at Reno.

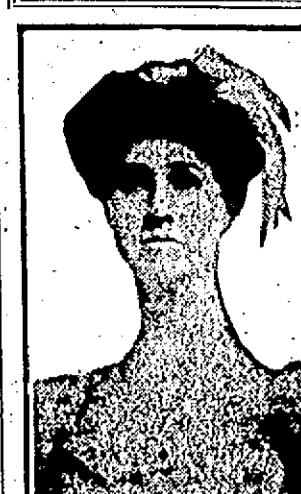
In The Outlook, bearing the date of
July 16, the former president contributes
a signed editorial under the caption "The Recent Prize Fight," in
which he discloses his views on boxing
as an exercise, and modern prize-
fighting conditions as an incentive to
crookedness.

Cow Moose Visits a City

Eastport, Me., July 15.—A cow
moose about 18 months old and weigh-
ing 800 pounds came ashore in the
heart of the city. The whole city
turned out to see her.

MISS KATHERINE ELKINS

Once Reported Fiancée
of the Duke of Abruzzi



TO WED AN AMERICAN

Miss Elkins Reported Engaged to
Lieutenant Hilt of Illinois

Washington, July 15.—The most
notable wedding of the capital prom-
ised for the early days of the next so-
cial season will be that of Miss Kath-
arine Elkins, daughter of Senator El-
kins, and Lieutenant William F. Hilt,
son of the late Congressman Robert
H. Hilt. The Duke of the Abruzzi
will be one of the guests, it is said.

This announcement was made by
friends of Hilt at the Chevy Chase
club, and Miss Elkins' family will an-
nounce it when she returns from
abroad in October.

LARCENY OF NEARLY \$500,000 CHARGED

<p

CHAINED A WARSHIP!

An Incident of the War Between
Greece and Turkey.

A YOUNG OFFICER'S DARING.

The Turk's Pluck and Strategy Re-
sulted In Making a Powerful Greek
Vessel a Helpless Prisoner Within
the Landlocked Waters of Asia.

It was during the war between
Greece and Turkey in 1897 that the
inhabitants of Gala Krini—a large vil-
lage, since destroyed by the Turks, on
the shores of the gulf of Arta—awoke
one morning to find that a Hellenic
battleship had entered the gulf and
cast anchor off the shore. The sur-
prise of the inhabitants of Gala Krini
was nothing compared with that of a
party of five Turkish officers, who,
fresh from the crest of a hill towering
above the village, watched the vessel
through their telescopes.

These Turkish officers were on an
urgent and important mission—to
block out the Hellenic fleet from the
gulf of Arta. Behind them, at the
bottom of the deep ravine, were a
number of heavy guns which had been
dragged all the way from Saroniki, a
long and difficult task, and with this
artillery they had been ordered to for-
mify the strait.

To reach the strait, however, the
Turkish column had to run the gauntlet
of the battleship's heavy guns, which
meant sheer destruction. Somehow or
other they must escape the man-of-war
or prevent her interference with
their work, but to do this seemed im-
possible.

In the midst of their discussion a
young officer who had been listening
said he could hold the vessel a prisoner
if they would allow him. His plead-
ing won, and, hurriedly changing his
clothes for those of a shepherd, he de-
scended in that disguise to Gala Krini.

Late that night a number of figures
stole through the dark alleys of the
village toward the shore. Close to the
water's edge was an old boathouse,
used as a shed for repairing boats.
This the party silently entered and by
the flickering light of a taper search-
ed the black interior. At length there
was a gentle rattle and from the gloom
emerged Hassan, stripped to the waist,
dragging a heavy chain. This, with
the help of his comrades, he began to
pull, and after an hour's laborious
work the end of the great chain—once
the cable of a Turkish vessel—was re-
ached.

From the beach the chain was loaded
on board, a large calque, whose
sides and floor had been covered with
cloth to deaden the sound. This task
accomplished, three men got in with
Hassan and rowed with muffled oars
toward a large rock in the middle of
the night. Round this rock the chain
was laid and securely fastened. One
man having been landed on the crag
to keep guard over this end, the boat
set out cautiously for the battleship,
looming like a phantom in the dis-
tance. Not a sound did the men make
as they brought the massive chain was
paid out over the stern into the still
water till they reached the vessel.

There was an excited gleam in Has-
san's eyes as, with a sign to his com-
rades, he gradually lowered himself
into the dark water, guiding himself
by passing his fingers over the bat-
tleship's plates. A slight grating of the
chain against the hull was all that his
anxious companions in the boat heard,
though now and then a reassuring pull
was felt on the line that Hassan held,
directing them how to pay out the
chain. Hours rather than minutes
seemed to have gone by ere the young
officer came to the surface. So ex-
hausted by his long toil he had that
he had to be almost lifted into the
boat.

"It is round the propeller," he gasped.
"I have fixed it so that nothing
can move it. Back you go."

Then link by link the tedious work
was renewed until the boat returned
to its starting point, where the other
end of the chain was secured. The
risky task was done, and the Hellenic
battleship was securely moored to an
immovable rock by a double thickness
of cable.

The early rays of dawn revealed a
sight which astonished the Greek com-
mander. A whole regiment of Turks
were on the march toward the strait
of Arta, with train after train of artil-
lery, the last of which disappeared be-
yond the intervening head before the
ship's guns could be brought to bear
on them. The commander gave orders
for the guns to be run out and decks
cleared for action, while the anchor
was weighed, his intention being to
prevent the Turks from fortifying the
strait before they had become too
strong. "Full speed ahead!" went the
order to the engine room, and, pro-
pelled by her mighty screw, the bat-
tleship advanced, only to lurch back-
ward as if dragged by some unseen
force. Work as the engines would,
the vessel seemed to be in an enchan-
ted circle, beyond which it was impos-
sible to go.

It was not until the sun's rays had
penetrated the deep blue water along-
side that the secret was revealed and
the massive chain was discovered pass-
ing round the ship's propeller and the
adjacent rock.

Before it could be removed, how-
ever, the strait had been sufficiently
fortified by the Turks and a power-
ful Greek warship lay a helpless pris-
oner within the landlocked waters of
Arta.

The heart of man is made to recon-
cile contradictions.—Hume.

A Continued Story.
"What did your wife say when you
stepped out so late last night?"

"I don't know. She hasn't finished
telling it all to me yet!"—Detroit Free
Press.

In this world it is not what we take
up, but what we give up, that makes
us rich.—Beecher.

A DANGEROUS FISH.

The Peril That Comes With Catching
an Electric Ray.

Trouble lurks in the least suspected
spots. One would think a smooth,
shallow cove a safe place in which to
float in a good craft, yet Charles Fred-
erick Holder met with an adventure
in just such a spot, while he relates
in "Big Game at Sea." The author
was visiting a friend on the New Eng-
land coast, who was given to the study
of natural history.

One day the author accompanied his
friend on a collecting trip, and here
is the story of the result as he told it:
Opposite his house was a little bay
with a clean sandy bottom. Over
this we slowly drifted. I sat in the
stern, enjoying the day and examining
the curious things my friend drew out
of the water. Suddenly he gave an
exclamation, and I saw him clinging,
seemingly helpless, to his pole. His
face was ashy pale, with a white ap-
pearance like one stricken with a fatal
disease.

I sprang forward just in time to
catch him as he fell back into the boat
and lowered him to the seat. At first
he could only motion toward the wa-
ter. He was almost rigid. Finally he
recovered enough to say "Torpedo!"

I saw the harpoon he was holding
dancing about, evidently forced into
a large fish. Grasping it, I soon dis-
covered the trouble, for I received an
electric shock strong enough to almost
knock me over. I dropped the pole.

By this time my friend had recovered
enough to tell me to let the fish re-
main where it was. With difficulty
I rowed to shore. When the boat was
grounded I picked up an old glass bot-
tle, took a turn over it with the line
and, with the help of this homemade
insulator, pulled the fish on shore.

It proved to be one of the largest tor-
pedoes, or electric rays, I have ever
seen. Under certain conditions it
would have been capable of killing a
man. When touched the fish would
roll its eyes diamally and give a low
growl.

I have never known a man to be
killed by one, but many have been in-
jured, and, as for my friend, he did not
recover in a week.

AN OLD TIME DINNER.

British Table Manners in the Seven-
teenth Century.

An account of hospitality in England
in 1629 gives a good idea of the man-
ner in which a country gentleman of
the period lived. Dinner and supper
were brought in by the servants with
their hats on, a custom which is cor-
roborated by Fynes Moryson, who says
that, being at a knight's house
who had many servants to attend him,
they brought in the meats with their
heads covered with blue caps.

After washing their hands in a basin
they sat down to dinner; and Sir James
Pringle said grace. The viands
seemed to have been plentiful and ex-
cellent—"big pottage, long kale, bowe
of white kale," which is cabbage;
"brach soppe," powdered beef, roast
and boiled mutton, a venison pie in
form of an egg and goose. Then they
had cheese, cut and uncut, and apples.
But the close of the feast was the
most curious thing about it.

The tablecloth was removed, and on
the table were put "towel the whole
breadth of the table, and half the
length of it, a basin and ewer to wash,
then a green carpet laid on, then one
cup of beer set on the carpet, then a
little lawn servitor platted over the
corner of the table and a glass of hot
water set down also on the table; then
there three boys to say grace, the
first the thanksgiving, the second the
Pater Noster, the third prayer for a
blessing of God's church. The good
man of the house, his parents, kinsfolk
and the whole company then do drink
hot waters, so at supper, then to bed."
—Exchange.

Mixing Religions.
The bright six-year-old daughter of
an upper west side physician happened
into his reception room the other day,
and a waiting-woman patient engaged
her in conversation.

"I suppose you go to church and
Sunday school?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, um'nam," she replied.

"And what denomination do your
parents belong to?"

"Wh'r," said the little one, "mamma's
a Presbyter and papá's a brain spe-
cialist"—New York Globe.

Their Fate.

The late Dr. Talmage once called on
his lawyer and found two of his pa-
risoners there on legal business of a
private nature.

"Ah, doctor," called the lawyer in
greeting, "good morning! Here are
two of your dock. May I ask without
impertence if you regard them as
black sheep or white?"

"I don't know as yet," replied Tal-
mage dryly, "whether they're black or
white, but I'm certain that if they re-
main here long they'll be fleeced."

Charged For Curiosity.

Mr. Bach—What is the reason you
charge twice as much for my cuffs as
you did, formerly?

Launderess—Because you have begun
making pencil notes on them.

"What difference does that make?"

"The girls waste so much time try-
ing to make them out"—London
Spare Moments.

Indisputable Proof.

"You say they contested the will of
the deceased?"

"Yes, and the court held that he
was suffering from hallucinations."

"On what grounds?"

"It appears that he left three-fourths
of his property to his mother-in-law."
—London Opinion.

Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to
hang the picture, Martin. It'll break.
You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mom. It'll bear
me. I'm standing only on one foot."

We are inclined to believe in those
whom we do not know because they
have never deceived us.—Johnson.

To live long it is necessary to live
slowly.—Cicero.

The Social Breakfast.

A London newspaper wonders why
we no longer invite people to break-
fast. The reason is to be found in the
state of mind that usually possesses
the free and independent citizen at
that hour in the morning, a state of
mind that makes him unbearable to
himself and to every one who comes
near him. Presumably it was not ever
so, for invitations to breakfast were
once common enough, and not so long
ago either. Mr. Gladstone used to
have guests to breakfast every Thurs-
day morning as recently as 1884, and
it was thought sufficient to supply tea
and coffee, bread and butter and
perhaps some cold meat. But the
really solid breakfast had come into
fashion long before then, and it is
said that the English learned the fash-
ion from the Scotch. Motley, when he
was ambassador to England, found
that the substantial breakfast was
gravely opposed to the simpler cus-
toms of his own country. He says,
"When I reflected that all these peo-
ple would lunch at 2, and dine at 8 I
bowed my head in humiliation, and the
fork dropped from my nerveless
grasp."—Argonaut.

Big Clocks.

The big clock of the Metropolitan
tower at Madison square, New York,
is by long odds the costliest and most
elaborate public timepiece ever con-
structed and is the only great clock in
the world operated wholly by electric-
ity without the touch of human hands.
Some of its other wonders are its size,
being the largest four dial tower clock
and the third largest clock of any size
in the world, and its altitude, which
is the highest of any clock in the
world. It has also the biggest and
heaviest striking bell.

The other three largest clocks are
the one face dial of the Colgate factory
in Jersey City, which is forty feet
across, the next in size of mammoth
public chronometers being the dial at
St. Bavo's, in the old city of Ma-
lines, in Belgium, which is thirty-nine
feet across. St. Peter's of Zurich,
Switzerland, has a dial face twenty-
two feet, and then in order comes the
Metropolitan tower clock, which is
twenty-six feet six inches in diameter.

The Origin of the "Marseillaise."

In the reign of terror under Fron-
t and Barras, when hundreds of vic-
tims were carried by the guillotine and the
people rose against the aristocracy,
was born the hymn of France,
composed by Rouget de l'Isle. He
was an officer of engineers and at a
banquet was asked to compose a war
song. He wrote it in his room that
night before going to bed, and the
next morning his hostess, the wife of
the mayor of Strassburg, tried it on a
piano, and in the afternoon the orchestra
of the theater played it in the
square of Strassburg, where it created
much excitement and gathered many
volunteers. Rouget called it a song
for the Army of the Rhine, but subse-
quently it was sung by a regiment of
volunteers, mostly assassins, who
marched out of Marseilles to Paris,
where it was appropriated by the cap-
ital and called the "Hymne des Mous-
taillats." But Joseph Rouget, the author,
died in poverty.—Deshler Welch in
Harper's Magazine.

Westminster Hall.

Westminster hall, England's old hall
of the king's Justice, is one of the
world's notable historical shrines.
Built four centuries before Columbus
sailed for America, burned, restored,
remodeled. It has seen more history
in the making than perhaps any other
building west of Rome. Here some of
the early parliaments met, and here
the second Edward was expelled from
his throne. Here Richard II. was de-
posed, Charles I. condemned and Crom-
well haled as lord protector, whose
head, if the legend is authentic, was afterward
exposed from one of the hall's pinnacles. Westminster hall was
the scene of the trial of Warren Hastings.
In its sentence of death was pronounced
on William Wallace, Sir Thomas
More, Sir Oliver, Essex, Stratford
and Guy Fawkes.—New York World.

Tried to Fly.

John Milton in "Britain to the Con-
quest" says that the youth King Har-
old, last of the Saxons, strangely as-
piring, had made and fitted wings to
his hands and feet. With these, on the
top of a tower, spread out to gather
the air, he flew more than a furlong;
but, the wind being too high, he came
uttering to the ground, mainaining all
his limbs, yet so concealed was he of
his art that the cause of his fall was
not known, which he forgot to make.

His Recommendation.

Tom—Hello, Bill! I bear you have a
position with my friends Skinner &
Co.? Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position
as collector there. Tom—That's first
rate. Who recommended you? Bill—
Oh, nobody. I told them that I once
collected an account from you, and
they instantly gave me the place.

Firmness of Purpose.

Firmness of purpose is one of the
most necessary shrews of character
and one of the best instruments of
success. Without it genius wastes its
efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

The Real Grievance.

"You are always complaining. You
ought to be satisfied with the money
you've got."

"I am. It's with that which I haven't
got that I am not satisfied."

A Reminder.

"Since I've come back I find that
I'm forgotten by all my friends."

"On what grounds?"

"Why didn't you borrow money of
them before you went away?"—
Judge's Library.

Necessity.

Judge—Why did you burn your barn
down just after getting it insured?
Farmer—Your honor, a poor man like
me can't afford to have a barn and in-
surance too.—Meggedorfer Blatter.

To live long it is necessary to live
slowly.—Cicero.

The Animals in the Zoo.

The sleeping hours of the animals at
the zoological gardens in Regent's
park vary as much according to the
family to which they belong, as do
their other characteristics and habits.
The orang outang goes to bed at sun-
down, draping his head in a blanket
and refusing to see visitors after dusk.
It is also an early riser. With the
lions, tigers and other members of the
cat tribe the night finds them at their
liveliest, and they sleep most between
the midday meal and supper time. The
egrets go to sleep just about the time
their neighbors in the owl cage are
walking up, while the bears during the
winter months apparently sleep all
day and night too. The residents of
the monkey house object seriously to
being disturbed after dark, and if one
of the keepers happens to take a light
into their quarters they scold big un-
mercifully. On the other hand, it
would probably take a dynamite bomb
to arouse the rhinoceros, and it is not
uncommon, the keepers say, to find rats
biting holes in its thick hide with
impunity.—London Mail.

A Ban on Patterns.

"There is one kind of correspondence
sometimes received by women clerks

The Price of Fame.

GENEVIEVE M. BOICE

John Barrington quietly dropped the oars to the bottom of the boat, and the little skiff drifted dreamily along, dipping softly in and out of the sun-kissed waves with their cool purple shadows, where the white and gold of the lilies dreamt their lives away under the crooning bilows. Blasted was a duzzing radiance.

The girl at the other end of the boat carelessly layed with one of the exquisite lilles, tearing the creamy petals apart and throwing them out on the water, where they floated along like tiny crested yachts impelled by a fairy crew on a sunbrite sea.

The man watched the pretty picture through half-closed eyes, for he was an artist, a sculptor, and loved the beautiful.

They had talked of his art, his aims, his ambition, and the girl had listened in a wistful wonder to his plans for the future. "I would sacrifice everything that life holds dear for fame," he was saying as they drifted along. "Even love and happiness."

The girl gazed at him with a little horror in her deep, dark eyes, for she was but seventeen, and a life devoid of love and happiness seemed to her scarcely worth living.

He smiled a little at her dismay, then said very gently: "Those things have no price in an artist's life. Mrs. Wayne. He lives for his art alone; fame is the only sweethearts he ever really knows. And that reminds me," he went on cheerfully, "I must be getting back to town. I have had a delightful holiday, thanks to you Mrs. Evelyn, but all pleasant things must end, and so I am returning to-morrow." He did not care to tell her that that which is before you now, believe me, very sincerely.

EVELYN WAYNE.

Somewhere in the city a clock struck twelve just as the clock on the mantel chimed the midnight hour. John Barrington rose and without the slightest suspicion of haste reached for the mallet that lay on the table beside him. One powerful blow at the fist-like that had all but beat him lay in a million fragments around him. That night he locked his studio door and the name of John Barrington, once the famous sculptor, sank into oblivion. The price of fame was greater than even he was willing to pay.—Boston Post.

An Unwise Selection.

The Syrian in New York, who had been making a tour of the small towns and villages in one section of New England, found that methods which had been successful elsewhere failed in Willowsville. This lady, who recommended me to go to you with my beautiful face," he said to Mrs. Martha Plugree, a stubby finger resting on the last name written on a sole sheet of paper.

Mrs. Plugree looked at him with the eyes of a hawk.

"You say Mrs. Grant, in the big yellow house with white trimmings, gave you my name?" she inquired.

"That was the lady who speaks your name," said the Syrian, and he began to unfasten the clasp of his bag.

"You can just close that bag right up," said Miss Plugree, "for one of two things is certain, young man; either you are telling me a wrong story, or else Jessie Grant wants to see me throw my money away." She said, I haven't spoke nor even nodded for ten years since we came to words over the last Miser's doctrines; and if she did give you my name, I wouldn't look at your faces, anyway; and if she didn't, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I wouldn't trust 'em however pretty looking. Good day to you!"

Were Glad to End Season.

A New Yorker who had just returned from London gives one explanation of the promptness with which Englishmen closed their town houses after the death of the king, and so readily consented to give up all entertainments for the rest of the present season.

"Londoners were in many instances very much relieved to slink 'season' of expenditure," he said, "because this has not been a good year financially for them. They were not anxious to spend any more money than necessary, and when court mourning gave them a dignified opportunity to close up their houses and skip a season they were very well satisfied that they could do this without having to bear undertake anything so unconventional in their own responsibility. So nobody need think that English houses in London will be opened later in the season or that there will be anything like the usual entertaining there."

Went to the Limit.

One night as Inspector McCafferty, then one of Byrnes' detectives, was entering Lyons' old eating house, in the Bowery, he was accosted by a hungry-tramp, who exclaimed:

"For God's sake, master, put me against the trough. I ain't eat nothing for three days."

He looked it, so McCafferty took him in and told a waiter to give him a full dinner.

When McCafferty had finished his dinner and walked out, he found the tramp on the sidewalk and was the recipient of profuse thanks.

"Well," remarked the detective, "I'm glad you got all the dinner you want."

"I didn't, boss," corrected the boy, "but I had all I could eat."

The Absent-Minded Scotchman.

The Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing. "What's that in your mouth?" he asked. Bare enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way. "Ah, we'll" said Sandy, in reply to his fellow passengers' banter, "I'm use as absent-minded as ye wad think. You was a vera auld ticket and I was just sullen off the date."—Success Magazine.

"Will you give me a penny?" asked Clifford of the parish minister, meeting him on the street.

"I'm sorry, my boy, but I haven't one," he answered kindly.

"But what did you do with the one I put in the collection last Sunday?"—Buffalo Express.

"I say, Gurley, who was that man who ran after you and tapped you on the shoulder?"

"A fellow who wanted to pay me some money," said Gurley who is a hawker.—Buffalo Express.

Rigg—Feeling out of sorts and been to a doctor, eh? No doubt he told you you must give up smoking.—Boston Transcript.

He—Don't you think you could ever learn to love?

She—I might. I learned to like Oliver—University of Michigan Goycole.

Knicker-Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—New York Sun.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

In Hours of Play.

All animals, from ants up to whale and elephants, play together in youth, and some are fond of taking such divisions, at intervals through life. One might search the world over and find more playful creatures than puppies and kittens, but there are other dumb animals which not only play but, but actually descend to practical jokes.

A Brazilian parrot once succeeded in making a railway party believe that they had run over a child. Suddenly, followed by a low moaning, rang out from beneath the wheels. The train was stopped, and the employees nervously searched the track, but no child was to be seen. No clue to the situation was to be found until a large green parrot, swinging in his cage, uttered a mocking laugh.

A monkey on soapard used to amuse himself in the cook's absence by turning the water-cocks in order to enjoy that worthy's surprise when he returned and found the water running over the floor; and there are scores of authenticated instances of actual deception practised by animals to gain some desired end.

A certain Skye terrier used to attempt deceiving its master by going through the action of killing a fly, and then assuming an air of success. One day, however, when proof was given him that his hypocrisy was detected, he stuck under the furniture, evidently quite abashed.

The merry antics of monkeys are many and diverting. Humboldt was acquainted with a monkey in India which took a delight in riding a pony. Every morning the creature caught one, leaped astride his back, and clinging thereto with great firmness, took his bit of riding.

Another monkey, domesticated by a missionary, used to put the family cat, a strong, good-natured animal, to the same use.

The favorite game of others seems to be that of sliding down hills. They climb to the top of a high snow-ridge, lie flat upon the snowbank, with the fore-feet bent backward, and giving themselves an impulse with the bludgeon, glide down the hill head foremost. In summer they select a sloping river bank, which has clayey soil, and where the water at low tide is of considerable depth. Climbing this bank, they start from the top, slip swiftly over the sloping ground, and plunge into the water.

The gambling of whales is often witnessed by sailors, and Paley says that any observer of fish must acknowledge that "they are so happy they know not what to do with themselves." Their attitudes and frolics are simply the effect of an excess of spirits.

The Doctor's Slip.

Not long ago a major of a Philippine regiment returned to San Francisco after an absence of several years. His sluggish liver needed touching up, and so he went to a famous physician for advice.

"Major," said the doctor, "you are in a serious condition, but I think we can pull you through. You must purchase a tub four feet wide and two feet deep. Then you must fill it with tepid water."

"Not boiling, doctor?"

"No, merely tepid. Then you must stand in it and with a sponge moisten your body, shaving done this you must apply some emollient ointment."

"Won't, plain, yellow soap do?" asked the patient.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Having thoroughly scoured yourself you must dry off with a rough towel."

"Why, doctor this is awfully like a bath," exclaimed the veteran.

"Well, it is open to that objection," replied the famous physician, "but I feel, sir, that you 'need it'."—Circle Magazine.

Straight Enough.

Once upon a time someone referred to MacDonald; the mad poet as a man with "zigzag brains." MacDonald insisted on a scathing reply, and was met with the ultimatum;

"Just four lines space, MacDonald."

Then the mad poet wrote:

I can tell Jorrocks Lang, by way of a laugh,

In reply to his base and unmercifully scrawl,

That in my humble sense it is better by half

To have brains that are zigzag than to have none at all.

How to Preach.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered:

"When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people, but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning, so I determined to thunder less and lightened more in the future."—Judge.

The Handwriting.

"If you look about you," said the omnious acquaintance, "you will see the handwriting on the wall."

"The handwriting on the wall doesn't worry me," replied Senator Borgham; "so long as they don't go rummaging into my private memoranda."

—Washington Star.

Never Can Tell.

"People are not all alike," remarked the moralizer. "What suits one may not please another."

"Right you are," rejoined the moralizer. "What is one man's automobile may be another man's jugger-nut!"—Chicago News.

She—Did you say anything to papa about your being too young? He—Yes. But he said when I once began to pay your bills I should age rapidly enough.—Pittsburg Gazette.

She—How my face burns to-night!

He—Then that must be unfeeling powder you have on.—Vanderbilt Statesman.

"Has plenty of poise, has she?"

"Well, she looked at Niagara Falls through a lorgnette."—Pittsburg Post.

The fellows who are looking for trouble are generally those who get married.

More Farmers Wanted.

There is not great danger that the supply of farmers will be a drag on the market for some years to come. The treasury department's actuaries estimate the population of the country now at thirty million. At an average consumption of 6 bushels of wheat a year for each person, it will take a little less than 500,000,000 bushels to supply white bread for the country, to say nothing of other varieties. This means something more than one hundred million barrels of flour to be ground, distributed and baked into bread for delivery at the consumers' tables.

But this is only one of the many demands which a population moving rapidly toward one hundred million souls makes every day of the year. The country consumes probably not less than thirty million head of live stock a year. This includes cattle, hogs and sheep, but takes no account of poultry and poultry products, nearly all of which have to be supplied from the farms of the country.

The two branches of farming which require the least labor for their successful prosecution, and the most thrifing, are those which have much to do with the increased cost of living. They are poultry and poultry products and live stock growing. Within a few miles of nearly every eastern city there are lands which lead themselves readily to occupation for those purposes. With modern facilities for transit to and from the cities and towns the possibilities of development of these particular sources of future supplies would seem at this particular time to be especially inviting.

As for the alleged drawback that schools and other institutions advantages are inferior in rural suburban communities, there are some serious difficulties in the matter. City schools are crowded because of having to work by the wholesale, in contrast with the personal attention which is possible and practicable in the rural and suburban schools. Moreover, the conditions of living make greatly for the physical if not for the moral advantage of the rural over the urban life.—Wall Street Journal.

Tricks of the Compass.

Experts say that the steel hull of a vessel is rendered magnetic during construction by the hammering of the metal and that every steel vessel has to have its compass corrected to counteract its own magnetic force. The magnetic influence is further complicated by the load carried by the vessel, if this load is magnetic or capable of being magnetized. The surveying vessels of the great lakes experience great difficulty on this account and the United States hydrographic bureau is endeavoring to teach pilots and captains of vessels plying in this trade how to check their course by means of the pelorus.

The pelorus is an instrument similar to the sun dial, being provided with a gnomon and a graduated arc on which a shadow of the gnomon is cast. The instrument is set in a north and south direction, as indicated by the compass.

By noting the shadow on the graduated arc it is possible to tell by comparison with tables furnished by the government just how far from the north and south position the gnomon really lies, thus showing the compass error.

By Special Messenger.

It is told that after Prof. Aytoun had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of Christopher North, he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As the professor was uncommonly difficult, he said to her, "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me, I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Paper is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the professor, "and I will wait here."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library.

"Papa's answer is pinned to the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson as she re-entered the room.

Turning around the delighted author read these words:

"With the author's compliments."—Success Magazine.

In Pullman Parlance.

Two Pullman car porters met outside the Grand Central after a night's run.

"Where's Ike Stevens, Bill? He hasn't been on the job for two nights."

"No. He had a birth up at his house."

"Girl or boy?"

"Twins."

"Huh! I don't call that a birth; I call that a section."

Real Novelty.

Knocker—Say, here's an original baseball story.

Second Knocker—How's that?

Knocker—Here wins game in eighth inning instead of ninth.—Yale Record.

Bigs—I wonder why they are called "sweet girl graduates?"

Diggs—Can't say, unless it's because they have been stuffing with fudge for four years.—Boston Transcript.

The devil isn't as black as he is painted. A good bit of his blackness has been rubbed off on the people who have tried to investigate the truth of that confounding proverb.

Nan Goat—"Ab, a dress shirt! What a mess!"

Bill Goat—"Not for me. My doctor has forbidden a starch diet."—Cornell Widow.

The young man who has no bad habits stands the best chance of marrying a rich man's daughter. He is less expensive to maintain as a son-in-law than the other kind.

Unless a man makes the most of his opportunities he can't expect his opportunities to make the most of him.

Company Officer—In which direction can you see forties?

Promising Recruit—The way I look!—Punch.

"Is he conceited?"

"I should think he is. He actually thinks he looks well in a bathing suit."—Detroit Free Press.

Some people will take offence even when it doesn't belong to them.

Seventh-Century Needlework.

Before the end of the seventh century needlework was carried to great perfection in convents, where it was used for the embellishment of the church and the decoration of priestly

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Make all queries brief and on one side of the paper only. 3. Write on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the original letter addressed to the editor. 5. Letters to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1910.

NOTES.

SHERMAN—Capt. Henry Sherman received \$240 per annum as a pension from the United States Government. He died April 8, 1829, and his widow Sarah did not apply for a pension. She died May 10, 1860, and September 8, 1881. Charlotte (4) Noyes and Martha (4) Tillingshast, "surviving children of the soldier," applied for the difference between \$240 and \$820 per annum, and their claim was allowed up to the time of the soldier's death. This seems to prove that in 1881 only two children of Capt. Henry Sherman were living to become heirs to the difference in pension amount which he should have received.

The following are statements from the Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

Department of the Interior,
Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C., July 17, 1903.

Sir,—In reply to your request for a statement of the military history of Henry Sherman, etc., etc., etc.

Information:

Served from 1777 to June 16, 1783. Ensign under Henry Sherburne, Rhode Island. Lieut. under Chris. Greene. He was captured at Parma, N. J., in Apr. 1780, and exchanged in January.

Date of application for pension; April 18, 1818.

Residence at date of application, Exeter, R. I.

Age at date of application, 59 years.

Remarks: He was pensioned at \$240 per annum and died April 8, 1829.

His widow Sarah died May 10, 1860.

After her death, viz., Sept. 8, 1881, Charlotte Noyes and Martha Tillingshast, only surviving children, applied for the difference between \$240 and \$820 per annum, and their claim was allowed.

E. S. Ware,
Commissioner.

Additional information on statement of Aug. 24, 1903, from same place.

There is no record of his widow Sarah ever applying for pension. She died May 10, 1860. Application was made by William F. Noyes acting for his wife Charlotte and his sister Martha Tillingshast, surviving children of soldier, and pension was allowed up to date of soldier's death.

J. I. Davenport,
Acting Commissioner.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6747. HIGGINSBOTHAM—Inventory of goods and chattels of Charles Higginsbotham of Cranston, who died intestate, Sept. 14, 1765. Taken by Wm. Burton and Richard Sarte, Jr. Presented, Sept. 30, 1765, "the within inventory of Doct. Charles Higginsbotham's personal estate." Wherein Charles Higginsbotham of Cranston, died intestate the 14th day of Sept. 1765 at a Town Council Meeting, Sept. 30, 1765; his widow, Mercy Higginsbotham, was granted administration. Who was Mercy, widow of deceased?—X. Y.

Still Room For Improvement.

"Do you know, I think I observe," said a man who goes afoot, "a slight abatement of the air of superiority and contemptuous exaltation that has long characterized the faces and demeanor of those who ride past in automobiles? It may be but slight, but I think it is noticeable."

"They are not quite so superior and exalted to the common herd afoot as they were. They still roll back as the chauffeur honks his horn or sounds his chromatic bugle, and they still blinks, if they think of you at all, that it is up to you to jump if you don't want to get run down; but I think that just a trace of the original superciliousness has gone."

"You see, the automobile has now become more or less familiar to some people, and these people, I think now show a little less hauteur; enough less, I think, so that you can notice it."

"Those still new to the machine reveal that plainly, but those now more accustomed to it see now, it seems to me, a shade, just a shade, less indifferent to you than they were. Signs of ordinary humanity are coming back into their countenances."

"Not but what you have to jump just the same when they come, but this slight change of expression I regard as hopeful, highly hopeful. I look for a further softening and humanizing as the machine becomes more familiar still."

"In fact, I do not doubt that the time will come when the average automobile will have returned so near to the earth that he will be little, if any more, contemptuous of you or more inclined to boast on owning the whole street than the average wagon driver or truckman."—New York Sun.

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CHILEAN STEVEDORES.

A Ferocious Class of Men With the Manners of Savages.

At Callao, the principal calling port on the west coast of South America, it is customary for cargo boats to ship twenty or thirty Chilean stevedores, in addition to the regular crew, to break out the cargo when it is consigned to various ports farther up the coast. A worse looking lot of cutthroats than these seagoing longshoremen it would be hard to find even among the bandits of southern Europe or the old time pirates of the West Indies. Swarthy, undersized, dirty and clothed in nondescript rags, they are about the bottom notch in the scale of humanity.

What they lack in intelligence they make up in ferocity and animal cunning. Even a crew of Kanakas will refuse to berth or mess with them. Every man of them carries a knife, and they are commanded by an overseer who is addressed as "captain" and exerts a certain degree of authority. They do their own cooking while aboard ship, each man serving as cook for a week, at the end of which time he resigns in favor of the next in line. Of course the "captain" never descends to manual labor, not even to work the cargo. He stands by with a cigarette between his fingers and directs his men. The table manners of these semi-savages are the manners of the stone age. Neither knives, forks nor spoons are used, but every man grabs for himself and crams as much as he can into his mouth at once, greedily tearing the meat apart with his fingers and cleaning up the grease with a piece of bread, which also does duty as a napkin before it is swallowed. A number of sheep generally are taken out on these tramp steamers and killed when fresh meat is needed. When the Chileans learn a sheep is going to be killed they crowd around with the cups or basins to catch the warm blood, which they drink eagerly. They also bring chunks of bread and sop up every drop that falls.—New York Press.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS.

Head Tongue, Long Exposures and the Ordeal of Looking Pleasant.

An event was the taking of the first photograph in the olden days, when photography was still hampered by pitchforks and long exposures. There are few good baby pictures of our fathers. The fond mother and father sit bolt upright, frozen or petrified, while between them is a very starchy little dress surrounded by a very, blurry little spot which represents a composite of several partial likenesses of the hopeful.

But it was with the child of ten or twelve years that the old time photographer succeeded best, the child that has reached the age capable of feeling the tremendous responsibility of having a picture taken. Every old album, such as used to grace the center table in the front room, parades before you a long array of these conscientious young people undergoing the terrible ordeal of "sitting." Loving mothers spent hours combing those smoothly plastered locks tightly back and binding them uncompromisingly behind with irreproachable ribbon bows. At the last moment, after the operator has screwed the iron fork tight up behind the trembling head and has pushed the huge camcorder here and there, ducking in and out under the black cloth in a most awe-inspiring manner, mother has slipped into range and given just one more pat to the starchy skirts and one more tug at the big sleeves. Then comes the awful command, "Look smart," while the victim did by a remarkable effort of will, usually attaining somewhat the expression which comes over the face of a strangled cat. Five minutes later the "artist" announces that "that will do," and the family feels the same relief that comes to friends with the announcement that the "patient" has survived the operation and is resting comfortably.

Still Room For Improvement.

"Do you know, I think I observe," said a man who goes afoot, "a slight abatement of the air of superiority and contemptuous exaltation that has long characterized the faces and demeanor of those who ride past in automobiles? It may be but slight, but I think it is noticeable."

"They are not quite so superior and exalted to the common herd afoot as they were. They still roll back as the chauffeur honks his horn or sounds his chromatic bugle, and they still blinks, if they think of you at all, that it is up to you to jump if you don't want to get run down; but I think that just a trace of the original superciliousness has gone."

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Direct all communications to
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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1910.

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